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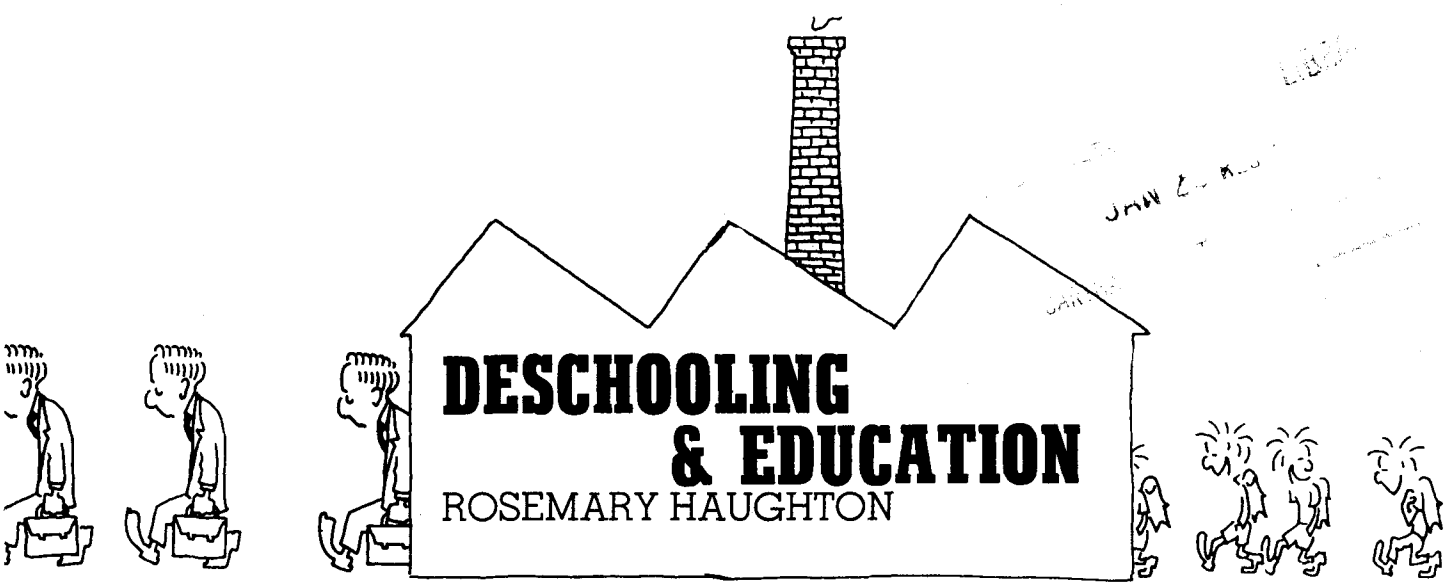

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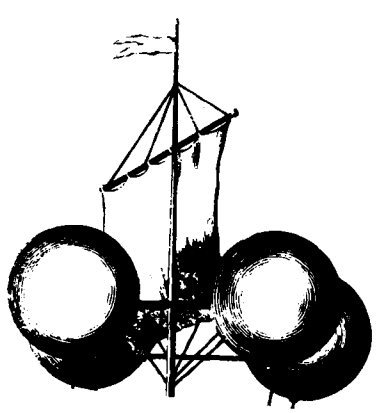

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NEWS & VIEWS

Our Korean 'Ally'

The savageness of South Korean mercenary troops fighting in Vietnam is no particular secret, but never has the extent of their savageness been so thoroughly documented as by Diane and Michael Jones, Vietnamese-speaking representatives of the American Friends Service Committee, who recently completed two years in the country.

The Jones' carried out an intensive field investigation in four provinces into reports of South Korean atrocities against civilians, and assembled a body of facts which one observer has termed "more horrifying and more important than the Mylai massacre revelations of Hersh and Ridenhour."

The Jones data point to 43 specific incidents in which Korean soldiers ostensibly murdered groups of more than 20 unarmed civilians; in 12 or 13 of the cases, 100 or more civilians were reported to have been killed. In addition, the Jones' uncovered numerous cases of robbery, rape and mutilation committed by Koreans.

In some cases, the Vietnamese were given candy or cigarettes, evidently to reduce fear and entice them into the open. Then the slaughter would start.

Only occasionally did the killing result from a provocation. "In some cases the Koreans had just lost men to guerrilla sniper fire or mines, and therefore were probably acting in anger," said Diane and Michael Jones. "Yet in the majority of cases, the people told us that as far as they knew there was no fighting nearby on the days of the massacres, 'not the shot of a single gun,' no mines, no Korean casualties." The killing, therefore, was often capricious.

The majority of the victims were women, children or the aged, as draft-age males had either joined the NLF, been recruited into the Saigon army, or gone into hiding.

The details are gruesome: *Binh An:* 35 people hiding in a rice field, discovered and shot; *Binh Ky:* 30 people led to the top of a hill, shot and their bodies thrown into a bomb crater; *Son Loc:* 50-100 persons rounded up with the help of candy and cigarettes, then shot; *Cat Thang:* 60-70 people killed on the road after planes had dropped leaflets warning them to leave their village.

Edward S. Herman of the University of Pennsylvania, who has edited down the Jones' 50-page report into a monograph, with an introduction, draws several conclusions from the Jones' findings:

1)—Mylai was clearly no "isolated incident," and pacification by civilian murders and calculated frightfulness has been "a known, acceptable, and important facet of U.S. policy in South Vietnam."

2)—Systematic acts of violence are now so well-established and consistent a tool of American forces and its "allies" that atrocities must be "built-in" to the American effort and mission.

3)—Systematic violence can only be the vehicle of an aggressor and subjugator; it is totally incompatible with "saving" a people from an alleged "aggression" on the part of someone else.

Copies of Herman's monograph are available for 50 cents by writing him at W-125 Dietrich Hall, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa., 19174.

Worship Under Bombs

Notes from a report on the Catholics of North Vietnam, compiled before the December terror bombing and appearing in the current *Informations Catholiques Internationales:*

—More than one million of North Vietnam's 20 million people are Catholics; "they live their faith intensely and participate as actively as their compatriots in their country's labors as well as in the armed struggle."

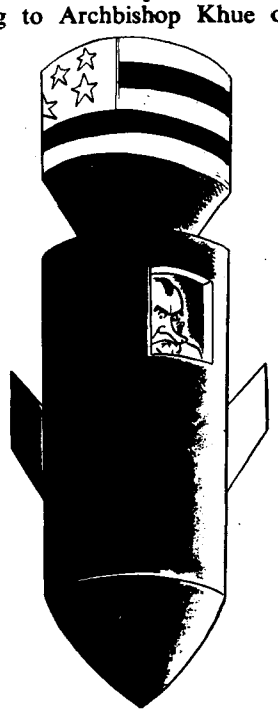
—Most of North Vietnam's 350 Catholic priests no longer have problems with the government; "some 50 do keep their distance."

—The North Vietnamese hierarchy presently numbers 12 bishops, 11 of them named by Rome since 1954. Their attitude toward the government is marked "by prudence and reserve." They "do not act in concert, as they do not wish to be too visible." Relations with civil authorities are usually carried out by their vicar generals.

—One hundred North Vietnamese priests have been ordained since 1954.

—"There are no longer any Catholic schools, but the atheistic propaganda of several years ago has also disappeared. The faith is transmitted primarily before, during and after Mass, which is most often celebrated between midnight and dawn, because of the bombardments."

—Five hundred churches have been damaged or completely destroyed by the U.S. bombardments, 100 of them since April, 1972. The bombardments comprise, according to Archbishop Khue of Hanoi, "the greatest obstacle to the practice of our religion."



Vadillo, Siempre, (Mexico)

Going One-Up

A letter in the London *Times* from House of Commons members David James, John Biggs-Davison and Patrick Wall, protesting the visit of the former and present Archbishops of Dublin to IRA leader Sean Mac Stiofain, brought the following rejoiner from the Bishop of Brentwood:

"Sir, Like many of my colleagues in the Catholic Bishops' Conference of England and Wales I celebrated a Christmas Mass in one of Her Majesty's prisons. Fellow Christians will not accuse me of approving the various crimes for which the inmates have been convicted.

"I am aware, as your distinguished correspondents point out, that any curate 'would have been qualified to perform the same task' but I have never understood the words of Our Lord 'I was in prison and you visited me not' to have been addressed exclusively to curates.

"Yours faithfully,

†PATRICK J. CASEY"

Odds and Ends

—By a 2 to 1 majority over the runner-up choice, Holy Cross seniors voted Dan Berrigan as their commencement speaker next June 1. Trailing, in order: Art Buchwald, Bill Buckley and the *New York Times'* Russell Baker.

—North Vietnam's population has experienced a 500 percent increase in cancers of the liver in just a few years' time, according to cancer specialist Dr. Ton That Tung. Cause: pollution created by U.S. defoliation programs.

—*No Mean Feat Dept.:* "One girl carried *Ms.* magazine, another carried Ivan Illich." (From a Jan. 6 *New York Times* story on business at a blood bank.)

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

The French Connection

Emmitsburg, Md.

To The Editors: The points made by Abigail McCarthy about Garry Wills' *Bare Ruined Choirs:* . . . are well scored [Dec. 22]. One correction of her correction, however:

Mr. Wills is not incorrect in placing Dom Columba Marmion among the French intellectuals. The Irish-born monk—who did retain many Irish characteristics and sympathies—was abbot of the Belgian monastery of Maredsous. He was spiritual director of Cardinal Mercier. His very influential writings were published in French: *Le Christ, vie de l'âme* (1918), *Le Christ dans ses mystères* (1919) and *Le Christ, idéal du moine* (1922). These works were very much a part of the French-Belgian liturgical movement.

ELLEN WEAVER
Church Historian
Mount Saint Mary's College

Nixon's Jewish Vote

New York, N.Y

To the Editors: I was surprised and embarrassed by the replies [Nov. 24] to the Horowitz and Porter articles ["The Jewish Vote," Oct. 13]. Surprised because little that Horowitz and Porter wrote could have been new to any American Jew who has been keeping his ears open recently. Embarrassed because the reactions to the two articles amounted to nit-picking at relatively minor errors while ignoring the validity of the major theses. Are the implications of an article in *Ideas* really diminished because its author is a Conservative Jew and not an Orthodox Jew and teaches at Brown rather than Rutgers? (I am reminded of one of my friends who, on seeing Michelangelo's David for the first time complained bitterly that the statue was not circumcised!)

My own concern is that Jews are increasingly deluding themselves into thinking that they are white and safe

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THE CHALLENGE TO CONGRESS

Events after December 18, when President Nixon activated the terror bombers over North Vietnam, have offered some sobering revelations on the limitations of American Constitutional government, beginning with its failure to provide some method for doubling back on a particularly unfortunate election result. Under other systems, a man who campaigned on peace and delivered one of the most terrifying bombardments in the history of warfare could be held to immediate accounting and, under given circumstances, be forced to stand a new election, however fresh the results of the previous one. No such safety valve is built into the American Constitutional system. Not only is the nation stuck for four years, for better or for worse, with the choice of a particular November Tuesday (barring the almost total improbability of an impeachment), it now finds itself in a situation in which the President need give an accounting to no one for his actions. Oregon's Senator Bob Packwood declares that the United States has moved very close to what might be called "an Executive Monarchy"; historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., writes in the *New York Times Magazine* that on issues of war and peace, the President of the United States is "the most absolute monarch (with the possible exception of Mao Tse-tung of China) among the great powers of the world." Neither overstates the case, when a President can act as savagely as has Richard Nixon in recent weeks and escape the necessity of an explanation of even the vaguest kind to the respective branches of government or to the public.

A surprising corollary is the shock in so many quarters that this could happen in the United States—that a President could actually become as independent, inaccessible and uncommunicative as a Howard Hughes, and from the isolation of his various White Houses be able to make the splenetic decisions that put some in mind of Guernica, Lidice, Babi Yar and Treblinka, and cause others to wonder about his very sanity. Yet the conditions for such a development have been there for some time; it only took a Richard Nixon to bring to realization their full implications. For years, political analysts have been warning about the erosion of the traditional checks and balances of the American system, under a succession of strong Presidents and a Congress that, barring too few exceptions, came

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to regard itself increasingly as a service organization for the electorate and a rubber stamp for the President. But few chose to read the signs. There seemed to be some naive belief that no President would be so insensitive to tradition and the spirit of the Constitution to take inordinate advantage of the situation. This reasoning, we now see, failed to take into account a Richard Nixon, a man so remote and unpredictable in moments of pique as to make any eventuality possible. The scary thing is that even should Nixon arrive at an apocalyptic decision, like going to doomsday weapons, there is no check that could be put on the decision. Article 1, Section 8 of the Constitution, conferring on Congress the power to declare war, is so dead a letter as to leave him free to undertake any course of action according to his determination of American security and interests.

Sensing the exclusivity of Presidential powers, Richard Nixon has pushed his stakes further—by ignoring Congressional directives and authorizations, and by reorganizing the Executive Branch to draw officials under a cloak of Executive privilege who would ordinarily be accountable to Congress. On top of the other developments, this has brought predictable outcries in Congress, with threats about hemming the President in with legislation, cutting off war funds, and withholding confirmations of Presidential appointments. Unfortunately, there is much beating-of-the-air in the outcries. Congressional powers have been so completely surrendered and/or usurped as to put the Congress, at this moment of history, totally at the mercy of the Chief Executive. Congress, for instance, could vote tomorrow to cut off funds for the continued fighting in Vietnam, and the President could still fight the war on his own authority and with financial reserves and diverted or impounded funds. The President of the United States is that free of checks and balances.

The remedying of this situation is contingent on the reestablishment of the Constitutional checks and balances, and this is so immediately unlikely that observers are speaking of a Constitutional crisis. The complicating elements are principally two. A resolution depends first on the waiving by the President of powers that have accrued to the office, and secondly on Congress' exerting the will to lift itself from its largely ceremonial state. The Nixon psyche makes the former improbable. However, the current crisis will have served definite purpose if it rouses Congress into a revitalization of itself. Toward this end, it is not enough for Congress to get tough with the President; it must set to work on the internal reforms that will reenergize it and regain it its lost respect, so that it will be impossible for a President in the future to act as though Congress did not exist.

The point, in sum, is that the present Constitutional impasse is not entirely of the President's making. Richard Nixon has exploited Congress' weaknesses, to be sure. But he did not create them. They were there, and many of them are of Congress' own making. What is significant is that they are correctable. Tackling them is one start toward the return of Constitutional government in the U.S.

●●●●●●●●●●●●●●

RISK AND RUIN

THE END OF WOODSTOCK

Young Jesuits are told that their founder St. Ignatius had such "religious indifference" that he could reconcile himself to the abolition of the Society with 15 minutes of prayer. On January 8 the Society challenged some of its men to practice that maxim when it closed its oldest and best theologate, Woodstock College in New York City, as part of its retrenchment from five to three major seminaries.

Some factions within the American church, for the wrong reasons, were glad to see it go. In the eyes of its severest critics Woodstock died in the late 1960s, right before, in its hundredth year, it moved from the Maryland countryside to the seductive chaos of Morningside Heights; it died when it broke down the old protective seminary subculture—picnics, litanies, long walks and class shows—and set the men free to work in reformatories, ghettos and Newman Clubs; it died when it adjusted to the post-conciliar educational and theological revolutions and stopped teaching the old tracts in compulsory lecture classes and put more emphasis on special programs and independent study. In this view, New York lured the Woodstock adventurers, thirsting for "involvement," to their destruction; and the critics take some satisfaction in pointing out that four of the men responsible for moving Woodstock into a new age and into the city have left the priesthood.

For most of us, to live at the beautiful old Woodstock in its last few Maryland years was to be convinced it should be somewhere else. It was, at the end, a good place—delightfully open to new ideas and new people—visiting scholars, like Pat Moynihan, who seemed to flock to the place for talks and special institutes, or a bunch of my student friends from Georgetown. Yet the main impetus for the move came not so much from a demand for social activism as from the

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demands of theological education. We became convinced that in an ecumenical age men could no longer be trained for the priesthood in isolation from non-Catholic seminaries, secular universities and urban civilization. After long deliberation the faculty turned down an invitation from Yale, to the disappointment of Fr. John Courtney Murray, and sent a scouting party to find living space on the West Side, where they could set up cooperative programs with Columbia's Union Theological and Jewish Theological Seminaries.

Meanwhile the American Jesuits had realized that they had more seminaries than they could fill. The New York Province, for example, had closed the old St. Andrew-on-Hudson novitiate next to FDR's Hyde Park estate and had abandoned its multi-million dollar white elephant built in the 1950s at Shrub Oak near Peekskill. They determined to pool their national resources and drop two of the five theologates: Berkeley, St. Louis, Bellarmine in Chicago, Weston in Cambridge, and Woodstock in New York. The elaborate decision-making process, a combination of research, discussion and prayer which Jesuits call "discernment" but which could hardly be completely free from what an outsider would call politics, began in October 1971. It was a tough period. American Jesuits, for all their "detachment," become attached to their institutions and their cities. For the most part they have resisted the kind of national cooperation that would have been required to make *one* of its several universities nationally outstanding, and on the seminary issue it was important to overcome the kind of parochialism—which New Yorkers, as well, are subject to—that would pit local interests against national needs.

The ten provincials, having decided that theological reflection had to be done with a group of fellow believers (therefore not on a free-lance basis) and that they would not have the autonomy they wanted on an established university campus, visited the five theologates and evaluated them for their capacity for spiritual formation and for academic excellence. At one stage, last summer, the decision was in favor of Woodstock; but Weston and St. Louis wanted time to appeal. As the debate continued, under secrecy restrictions that irritated the Woodstock community, the emphasis shifted from academic priorities to "formation," and by fall it appeared that New York had claimed another victim.

From the beginning, New York Woodstock had image problems. Its presence was a media curiosity; news stories and gossip stressed that the "seminarians" (at this stage Jesuit scholastics are almost 30-years-old and don't like to be considered seminarians) and faculty lived in scattered apartments which they decorated themselves (some too lavishly?), got mugged like other New Yorkers, didn't have recognizable chapels and "experimented" with the liturgy. Articles on Woodstock by Garry Wills in *New York*, *Worldview*, and *Playboy* (later incorporated into *Bare Ruined Choirs*, Doubleday) compared the Jesuit trek to New York to incense poured into a sewer; and Wills seemed so preoccupied with sex that his subtler death-of-institution metaphor was lost on readers most concerned with the good or bad reputation of the school.

The community took risks. It was open and hospitable. Perhaps it felt that the best preparation for serving the people of God was to meet them in their own environment—muggings and all. It developed ministries all over the city—in the peace movement, with blacks and other minorities, in Jesuit high schools, with homosexuals, with tenant groups, with the National Council of Churches. Meanwhile a good number of the faculty and students (a certain percentage of seminarians have *always* resisted formal theology) maintained that tradition of scholarship and publication that has kept Woodstock in the vanguard of American Catholic theology for the last quarter-century.

That tradition is in the church's bloodstream; but now, with the end of the Woodstock community, the continuity may be broken. This week the community is asking itself how to serve the church in the new national Jesuit system. Perhaps a group of the faculty, such as those associated with *Theological Studies*, should give their talents to one of the other theologates to reestablish the intellectual tradition in another setting. The Berkeley, Weston and Chicago arrangements have tried to balance an urban environment, ecumenical cooperation, small-group living, some shared facilities and more structured control. Certainly the provincials do not see their decision as turning their backs on the city or as a victory for the theological reactionaries—even though this does now deprive New York of a major Catholic theological presence and does seem a reversion to a structured life-style that seemed to have worked for earlier generations.

For the most part the Woodstock people will swallow their private hurts, "bend their wills" as the rule requires to accept the decision. In their reflection and prayer—which may take more than 15 minutes—they will struggle with the suggestions that somehow a higher level of "spirituality" was asked of Woodstock than of the many more structured communities that have problems of their own, that the experiment was not given enough time, that the school was not judged for what it was as much as for what it appeared to be by men who did not appreciate the paradox of New York, the true violent yet exhilarating center of the World, where faith in God and in mankind are tried by fire and flourish simply because they survive.

RAYMOND A. SCHROTH

(Father Raymond A. Schroth, S.J., an associate editor of Commonweal, *is an assistant professor in the Communications department at Fordham University.)*

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CAN GIRLS PLAY FOOTBALL, DADDY?

MICHAEL NOVAK

Our daughter Tanya is five. Yesterday, one of her worlds was shattered. For three years she has "mothered" the boy next door, also five, whose name is Charley. She has thought of Charley first thing in the morning, mentioned his name from far away when we are on a trip. In our house, she is solicitous of his every need. Charley has been her one and only friend. She loves Charley.

Yesterday, however, Charley—no natural athlete—decided at last to play football with Richard, age seven. Tanya pleaded with him. She entreated. She broke into tears and came home, eyes streaming. She returned and begged, ordered, imprecated. Charley was preoccupied, not doing very well, but trying hard, and scarcely heard her. She cried uncontrollably.

Tanya has a football helmet like the Dallas Cowboys' and a red-numeraled Forty-Niners' jersey. But for the last few months she has been gradually resisting the disciplines of throwing, catching, tackling, getting hurt. As of yesterday, she announced she *hates* football.

So there is trauma at our house. Tanya is disoriented. Readjustments are in order. No use pretending that she should learn how to play football. Or should I insist? Same treatment I gave Richie? Same insistence she learn how to play, and learn the hard way (stubbed fingers, bruises, humiliations, repeated efforts)? The bigger boys in the neighborhood often don't let Richie play. Girls, no chance.

Carol Christ is one of the younger thinkers whose words often stick in my mind, and she told me how she hated football; how it ruined so many family holidays; how it excluded her and her mother; how humiliating it was as a community ritual, all the girl symbols hysterically cheering on the sidelines while the males played the real game. If football is the central ritual of our society, women's liberation takes its blows at a very radical and early starting place. Football and women's liberation are mutually incompatible.

The male world has seldom been explored by parallel to the woman's world. If sisterhood is powerful, is brotherhood weak?

I, for one, have had a passion for football as deep as for any book; I suppose it is true that I understand books *through* experiences like those of football. In Western Pennsylvania, I remember thinking, football is what *we're* good at, tough miners and millworkers. Not at tennis or golf, maybe, perhaps not even basketball or baseball. There was only one "*the* sport."

Football is a team sport. No individual attacks or defends all alone. Each depends on every other. When you practice, you can *feel* the moment—almost a click—when solidarity is attained, when a random assortment of individuals begin to function as a team. It is a very satisfying feeling, a sense of achievement and even spirituality—it doesn't just happen, it has to be worked on, and each member must strive to transcend himself, to feel with others and make them part of himself. It also arises, in part, around moments of "danger" and "crisis," in the heat of "battle." So it blends with deep instincts of psychic survival and triumph.

One also learns about defeat, failure, limitations. Others are better. Overconfidence is possible. Defeat is not inevitable—upsets happen. Spirit and courage count for more than brawn or speed. Outwitting an otherwise superior opponent is sheer delight: and delight, not just because of victory, but rather because one was at one's own *best*. It is quite meaningful to say, as one often does, disgustedly: "We won, but we played a lousy game," or, "We lost, but we never played better."

How did I learn to love football, since my father didn't like athletics, and since I had no older brothers or family idols? One of the earliest series of books I avidly read were the "Garry Grayson football stories," full of boy scout ideals and miraculous but hard-earned victories. I was aware of giving myself over to a code of values for life, the same values as in other favorite first books: boys' editions of King Arthur, Ivanhoe, Ulysses, Robin Hood, Roland.

Being studious and bright was not a high value for most of my peers. We had our own counterculture in those days. Athletic ability gave me a cover. No one could successfully attack my love for reading until they could stop me from catching passes. Studious boys who didn't play sports suffered.

So I find critics of the "violence" and "dehumanization" of football, try as I might to sympathize with them, wide of the mark. I hate to see the specialization of modern football—which means, under intensely competitive conditions, only a few moments of exposure for each specialist and a savage hyper-intensity at his "job." Each player concentrates on an abstract segment of the game. That is the specifically professional ingredient. Its demands are abstract: the "job," not the humans involved. Human tissue cannot support the strain. Bodies wear out.

Professionalization of the sport has a gladiatorial quality. Men give of their bones, muscles, shoulders, spleens, ankles, teeth, knees and other organs, and are rewarded by money and fame. Crowds seek a *spirited* contest. Hard hitting. Precise. Well-drilled. Heroic.

The western tradition is alive and well in public rituals, in this new

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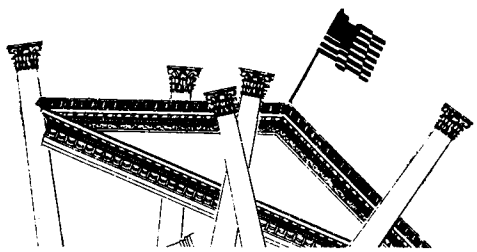
DESCHOOLING & EDUCATION

ROSEMARY HAUGHTON



The realization is spreading that schooling systems are not working too well

All over the developed world, children left their homes this morning and went to school. All over the undeveloped world, parents were wishing their children could do so.

All over the developed world, millions of children are accepting school as an unavoidable bore, or actively hating it. Some weep, some play truant, some produce psychosomatic symptoms to avoid going to school. Most just put up with it and long for the holidays. Some lucky ones enjoy school, at least until the age when the shadow of public examinations falls over their lives, Yet all over the undeveloped world, angry or wistful teenagers see schooling as the means to a good life—a means withheld from most of them.

The greater part of the world's children long for what those who have it dislike more often than not. But even the ones who loathe it grow up to assume that it has an absolute value, and should be imposed on every human child. No wonder the whole notion of schooling as a method of education is coming under fire. But too often the question of schooling or not schooling is treated in isolation from its social and economic setting. What follows is an attempt to consider a few of the problems involved, and possible solutions, for there have been changes recently, in the way people think about the schooling situation.

For one thing, an uncomfortable realization is spreading that the schooling systems of the prosperous nations are not working too well. Violence in schools is frequently in the news, and organized as well as spontaneous protest by school children is not uncommon. Part of the reason for this unrest lies in the rocketing costs of normal educational equipment and of teachers (salaries and training) plus the demand for still more elaborate gadgetry for a technological future. This has created a huge gap between what educationists think schooling should be like and what it is actually like for most children.

The overcrowded schools, the overworked teachers, the bored, resentful children, are there because governments have refused to acknowledge that their resources were not equal to their published principles on educational needs. Political ladies and gentlemen opening new school buildings seldom acknowledge that each superspectacular new school means a number of old schools left unrepaired. And if this is true in the (at present) affluent West, it is unlikely that the undeveloped nations, falling behind further and further in the economic race, will be able to achieve what is assumed to be the necessary education for civilized man: full-time, compulsory schooling from childhood through to the mid teens, with higher education for all who want it.

All this, which is not new, is beginning at least to force parents, teachers, and even governments to question the educational axiom that universal compulsory full-time education is the norm. Reactions to this questioning swing between the rash of deschooling literature and angry refusal to admit that anything is wrong which cannot be put right by pumping more money into the existing systems. And underdeveloped nations mostly cling to the belief, ingrained by generations of enviously watching Western "progress," that Western-type schooling is essential to the achievement of industrialization and prosperity, Western style.

But these are only strictly educational symptoms. Behind all this anxiety, envy and disillusion about schooling lie other causes for anxiety, which appear to have little to do with education—the mounting threat of pollution and exhaustion of mineral resources and fossil

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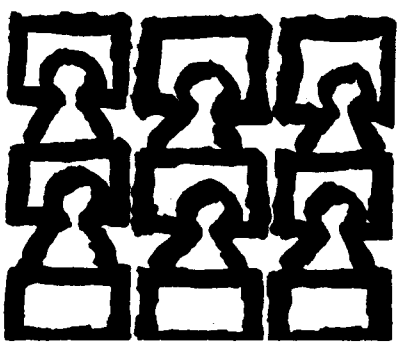
fuels. It is becoming more and more accepted that life on earth must change radically if it is to survive. Most obviously (and by whatever method these changes are brought about) rampant technology, guided only by the desire for profit, has to give way to a guided technology aimed at conservation, optimum use and re-use of available resources, and geared to labor-intensive and service industries. The encouragement of conspicuous consumption in order to keep the economy expanding, has to give way to restricted consumption, discouragement of luxury buying, and a heavy cutback in the production of goods manufactured from irreplaceable raw materials, especially metals and petroleum. Such a shift from a waste economy to a thrift economy means, however you look at it, a lowering of the standard of living of the rich nations, and colossal changes in patterns of employment, land-use, housing—and education.

The inevitable changes in education must mean that many of the values hitherto taken for granted in Western education will come to seem meaningless if not definitely anti-social. The spirit of competition will be out of place. Competition in our kind of society means aiming at the highest achievement in examination results, eventually leading to a "better" type of job—i.e., one that makes possible more consumption and waste and more spectacular pollution (electrical gadgets, new cars, extra bathrooms, etc., a rapid turnover of all of these). Competition, even of a purely academic or artistic kind, means an emphasis on individual excellence *at the expense of the less successful,* yet the future depends on cooperation, and a high value on manual and service types of work. The cherished concept of pursuit of pure knowledge, facts at all costs, also becomes a luxury, since its possibility as an ideal depended on an underpinning of accepted moral and social convention which went on operating no matter what the academics and scientists thought they had discovered. There was a gentleman's agreement that knowledge would not be misused. The last war shattered that dream. In the same way "value-free" teaching, so beloved of liberal educationists and so built into teacher training, becomes merely an evasion of responsibility when amoral and social revolution of an unprecedented kind demands that young people make moral economic decisions affecting their whole lives and those of all mankind—which is not possible on the basis of an education that has carefully eschewed moral commitment and regarded ethically biased teachers with deep suspicion.

Yet—and this is the crunch—how can a non-competitive, value-guided, morally-committed education take place in a school, unless all the teachers agree? And if they do, who made them do so? Are their jobs to be dependent on their doctrinal purity? Is the opportunity (even the *need*) for imposition of a coherent doctrine of education for new conditions too high a price to pay for a realistic approach to the new problems? A system that is so sure of its rightness that it imposes total conformity as a price of acceptability produces results we don't need to imagine; the examples abound. Yet if human problems are to be tackled—and fast—by children now requiring education, some rationalization of educational ethics seems inevitable, at least if education is considered as equivalent to schooling. In Italy before the war the face of Il Duce stared up at school children from their books, side by side with the face of Jesus. Those who thus suggested the absolute and morally impeccable nature of Mussolini's role in the welfare of the nation knew what they were about. And woe to the child who failed to salute the Leader. When there is a demand to change society *fast,* (never mind whether the changes are really needed, as in Cuba, China, or demanded by a ruling clique in order to gain or retain power) the indoctrination of children in large numbers is the quickest way to do it, and the teachers are picked for the job.



It seems we have a pleasant choice: either the ethical conditioning of children by the State in schools, or economic and social collapse when the free-play of market forces has done its worst with immature minds, and driven the economy of prosperity into recession and collapse, inevitably followed by riots, repression, dictatorship, revolution, counterrevolution, and more dictatorship.

Conditioning is, of course, a loaded word. It can be used to describe any educational process of which one disapproves. Education involves influencing people, and only a culture to which serious social and moral dislocation seems inconceivable can play with the notion of not influencing children at all. (In other words such a culture, like the liberal humanist one of the thirties, assumes that basic and unspoken influences of a beneficent nature will always prevail.) But there is a difference between kinds of educational influence. There are those which, in due time, can justify themselves by reference to their success in promoting good relationships, and economic and social attitudes which serve the whole community without violating the conscience of any individual. And there are those influences which need to be reinforced by constant argument, repetition of slogans, and periodic scares and scapegoats, well into adult life, because they will not stand examination if the individual

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is allowed enough psychological space in which to stand back and look at them.

There is no need to elaborate this difference here. The nature of conscience, the real needs of man, and the proper role of secular and religious authority, and whether there is such a thing as a moral absolute—all these come into the argument, but to follow them out here would not really help. There is a common-sense, recognizable distinction, which is important and basic, between on the one hand indoctrination laid on in a moral vacuum, for reasons decided on by a political power for its own purposes, (which may be good ones, however), and on the other the steady training and shaping of attitudes intended to assist mature decisions later, and form habits necessary for social and personal stability in the particular cultural circumstances. The point of emphasizing the difference here is that a schooling system of education as we know it is, by its nature, virtually bound to give use to the indoctrination kind of influence, if it sets out to influence children ethically at all—and it *must* do so, in the coming years, for the sake of their survival. Various kinds of necessary and social principles need to be inculcated, certain virtues implanted and emphasized, and their opposites shown to be anti-social and detestable. These may be desirable and necessary measures and we can leave out of account here the use of indoctrination methods for evil ends. We are considering *necessary* and *right* ends.

But the inculcation of any ideas in the setting of a total environment (such as a school tries to be) are damaging to the individual conscience, simply by virtue of their wholesale, impersonal and undiscriminating nature, however right the doctrines and necessary the principles taught. The application of moral and social norms to a variety of children, each of whom reacts according to his emotional condition, family relationship, and so on—but must conform his reaction to an expected norm—means an inevitable distortion of the individual conscience. This is the kind of thing which Catholic schools have been accused of doing, not without justification, and usually with the best of intentions. I repeat, we must not be distracted here by arguments about whether the content of any such teaching is in fact necessary and useful and proper to human life. We are assuming—perhaps unrealistically, but necessarily for the sake of this discussion— that it is. *Even* when it is, it is morally and spiritually damaging to a child to be the object of calculated pressures sustained throughout the greater part of his growing years, which he has no means of resisting or judging. The dilemma, then, appears to be that either children are properly trained to cope with their future, in a way that is spiritually damaging, or they are damaged by an ethically laissez-faire type of education which leaves them unprepared for the world they have to live in.

We may, however, be misconceiving the problem. One aspect of the school scene in the West does seem to show—indirectly—that this apparent dilemma is not a real one, but has been artificially created by our assumption that total schooling—for all, all day, and all ages up to adulthood—is the norm of education. Many schemes, methods, and subjects have been introduced into schools in the name of educational reform and progress, and they have been attempts to make school life more human, more varied, more real, more practical, more able to develop the whole personality. They have been measures to cure schooling of what might be called diseases of educational malnutrition. To see what this means, we need to ask what is the (concealed) norm by which this deficiency is measured. We need to look back a little.

When in the 19th century education began to be available once more to children of poorer families, what they got at first were simply basic skills of literacy. Later, to bring them nearer to the educational standards of the upper classes, they got more subjects, all taught in the reasonably efficient but uncompromisingly theoretical fact-absorbing style in which upper-class school boys, and tutored boys and girls, had usually learned them. The increase in hours of schooling, and the length of school life, simply meant more and more of this. But only a few eccentric educationists noticed that this was not really an education at all for poorer children (except for the brilliant few who will educate themselves no matter what happens by absorbing knowledge from all directions and every experience). For a while, in the early decades of this century, all children were getting roughly the same *type* of academic sustenance at school (though some got more of it), but the upper-class children still—until the thirties, probably—got a large part of their real education at home. There was time for it. There were governesses, and holiday tutors, but above all there were (out of school) hours of free time to wander, to discover the world and other people, to read, pretend, question, experiment. There were hobbies to pursue, and people to help pursue them. There were trades to watch and admire, streets to explore, plans to devise and carry out, and books to read.

It could be overdone, and young adults without obligation or absolutely necessary occupation were bored into destructive sillinesses; but there was both a tradition of, and an opportunity for, learning which was not school learning, so the (almost universally hated) lessons didn't matter too much. For the child of a poor family, or the lower-middle-class child, education increasingly meant schooling, full-stop. With parents too busy to listen and help, no books, early work with long hours, and small encouragement, out-of-school learning was stunted. There was often a good "gang-life," and country children were luckier, but the little free time left for helping at home was restricted in its educational stimulus because of the lack of a background of educational opportunities. Impoverishment of language, the drabness of

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growing cities, distrust of an imposed snob culture, and disappearance of the more interesting home and country crafts and trades added up to very little in the way of educational vitamins to supplement the academic stodge served up at school. This was true even without the crippling handicap of acute poverty, overcrowding, substandard housing, and so on.

This was the situation up to the beginning of the last war, roughly, but though it still applies in many places the effort to do something about this educational deficiency gathered power in the forties and fifties, and gradually ceased to be a preoccupation of a minority of educational "cranks."

When it came, what did progressive education add to the three Rs and the watered-down gentleman's education which was the usual diet? It added, for instance, more physical training, including games and dancing, and this shaded over into dramatic work, self-expression through movement, and so on. It added encouragement to use words more creatively in speech and writing. It added projects, linking several subjects and various methods in exploring a single theme, and in making and presenting material connected with it. It fostered collections and school museums. It arranged outings—to the beach, the museum, a factory, a pottery, a nature reserve, or battlefield. It developed school departments devoted to what had once been extras—art, music, crafts. It elaborated practical courses like housecraft and woodwork, making them more challenging and grown-up. It boosted initiative, imagination, and co-operation in groups. It played down marks, regimentation, and rote-learning.

One could go on. But the point of giving examples of such remedial educational effort is to suggest the nature of this overall tendency in schools: all of it, in all its varieties and degrees, was an effort to make life in schools more like *life as it should be out of school.* It was not trying to give children in school what they would normally have out of school, but what, ideally, they *should* have out of school. It did not admit this, or usually even realize it, but the fact shows that all these educational reforms are palpably *out of place in a school.*

This can be seen by the elaborate efforts that have to be made to keep the various projects relevant to the child. This is done by discussions in class, by bringing samples to school, by pointing out the links with the real world, by increasing the staff-pupil ratio when possible so that children can work in small groups, by creating family-type groups for some work, and even by building replica homes in the housecraft departments. But the fact remains that all the things which children find most stimulating and enjoyable at school are things which are not easily accommodated in a setting of large numbers of children of equal ages, managed by a few adults. The absorption of facts, and various kinds of mental training and disciplines, is indeed most easily done in the fairly impersonal, disciplined atmosphere of a school. The other subjects and crafts, games and arts are uncomfortable in such an atmosphere, and wherever they take up a large part of the school day the whole school system gradually changes to accommodate them, often at the expense of more disciplined types of learning.

So a great deal of what goes on in schools is uncomfortable there because it naturally belongs in quite different environments. Some of it belongs in the home, some to the workshop, some to the freedom of the countryside, some to university-type seminar groups, some to fieldwork of various kinds, some to times and places of celebration and entertainment.

Only, home life and workshops and so on do not usually take forms which can accommodate the educational needs of children. And a return to the past is not possible or desirable either, if only because there are too many children now for the haphazard educational influences of village, small town, trade or home to accommodate them. And even if the technology of the future is radically redirected it will still be needed, and technical education for it will have to be provided in a methodical way for which nothing in the past offers a model.

It is no answer to shoo the children out of school, unless the world outside it can offer them the education they need. As some teachers and educators have pointed out (and they are not all disguised fascists) the children of the poor and of industrial cities would be the ones to suffer, if a real deschooling policy were pursued, because they have little in the way of educational resources to fall back on. Professional and better-off families, with a tradition of respect for education, and a determination to push their children ahead, would provide some kind of education, somehow, no matter what the cost. And any alternative education offered would have to be as heavily organized as the present system if it were to be more than expedient for the lucky few, in other words it would become just another kind of schooling. It would involve the imposing, in a very short time, of an untried system on millions of children.

It might work, or it might not, but it seems to me that discussions of deschooling and of alternative education start from the wrong end. Along with the supporters of schooling they assume two things: one is that the family as the basic social unit is unable to provide sufficient educational material, which is perfectly true; the other is that this is the only kind of social unit we need consider in this context, and will continue unchanged for the foreseeable future. This is not necessarily true at all.

There is only one realistic alternative to schooling as an attempt at total education, and that is a social unit which can provide its proper and natural proportion of a child's education. It doesn't matter whether it is called

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a commune, or the village-size communities of the "Blueprint for Survival." Whatever you call it, a grouping of small families and individuals into a living organism is the way out of the schooling impasse, the setting for a proper preparation for a difficult future, and also a background against which more limited schooling could be really effective.

Mono-culture has been the bane of farms and forests, and its ill-effects are only now realized, let alone cured. But human mono-culture, in the segregation of groups of people according to employment, is just as destructive of human life. All that the best educationists have been laboring to achieve in the unsuitable setting of schools really belongs in the village or community setting. In such a setting people have many different trades, those who work in factories are not confined to the company of other people who work in the same factory, and many people (men and women) have their local occupation as well as the necessary hours of work in industry.

Schools are needed for efficient, trained, instruction in basic skills, and certain specialized subjects. Schools are the best and most acceptable way of teaching some things that everyone has to learn, whether they like it or not. But such disciplined learning is acceptable and even stimulating to a child for whom it is *not* virtually the whole of childhood apart from intervals of freedom. Schools have a job to do, and they could do it a great deal better if all the naturally non-school things they now try to do—to make life bearable for the children and to "prepare them for life"—were available to the children, on a planned and carefully supervised basis, in the setting of home. But home, for this, has to mean both the child's immediate family (extended or not) and a local and well-known grouping of other adults and other families.

At the moment, parents are encouraged to take an interest in their child's education, attend parent-teacher meetings, and stimulate the child's interest. It is hard to get enthusiastic about all this because parents know that, in fact, they have no power and little influence in their child's education. But if the goodwill that goes into such efforts were pushed a little further, if each parent, each adult, were responsible for some aspect of the education of a small group of children, the reaction would be different. Real responsibility is challenging and interesting. Paper responsibility without real power is merely depressing.

But it needs to be organized. The medieval apprenticeship system, for instance, meant a commitment to learning one trade, and a group of apprentices lived as family for many years. There is no reason why the principle should not operate for shorter periods, in learning trades, practicing arts, acquiring household and nursing skills, and so on. To go into detail would be out of place here, but the possibilities are enormous, once the basic idea is accepted that a very large proportion of education should and could be given out of school, but only if the social unit in which it is obtained is small enough (so everyone knows everyone), varied enough (so personal talents can have scope, but all can also learn the necessary skills) and—perhaps most important of all—stable enough.

This may be an unattainable state of affairs, but unless something of the kind evolves, we are destined to go on trying to make schooling do what it is not well able to do, and it will sometimes succeed and more often fail, and more and more millions will be poured into it (against mounting outcries from taxpayers) without making much impression. And possibly the standards of basic skills will continue to go down, because the things schools can do well are being sacrificed in order to keep the children human by emphasizing types of education that don't belong in a school at all.

We have time to reorganize our society in such a way as to make a human education possible, with schools doing their useful and limited job. If we do make some such change, we shall have a chance to give children the kind of deliberate, intensive, and morally committed preparation for the future which our world requires, and this *can be done in schools*, but—and this is the important point—what is taught by indoctrination methods in schools will be assimilated, tested, humanized and judged in the wider educational world which will be the child's more important life. In the setting of a proper local community, of its real relationships (of family, trade, local civic responsibility) the principles taught, and the virtues inculcated, will have to make sense as a way of life, or they will fail to impress. When they are seen to work in daily life, among known adults who are us and not them, they do not oppress the conscience, but shape it, individually and personally. The reshaping of the economy, of our standards and values as a society, our personal goals and hopes, is becoming urgent. We can do it by dictatorship (we may come to that) but we need not, if before it is too late we can make a way of life that has its human values built into it because it is on a *scale* that human beings can cope with.

It is not only the vast size of many schools that offends against the human scale of life. It is the oppressive mono-culture, the social and aesthetic frustration, and the sense of unstable helplessness before vast forces that make it hard to create a human type of education. Even if it is achieved, against huge odds, it fails finally, for the better it is done in schools, the more cynical the adolescents become, for the outside world offers no continuation course. For the sake of the world's future and our children's spiritual and social welfare we need to break out of the human mass-production racket, and create a way of life that can, naturally and of its resources, provide the greater part of a child's education, at whatever level. And let the schools—and the universities—do the job they can do.

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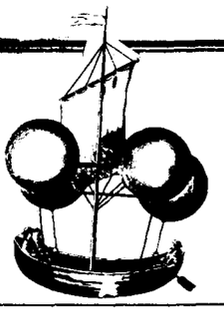
THE WINDS OF CHANGE

GEORGE H. DUNNE



A personal memoir about the Gospel and 'social subjects'

Last summer I assisted in the capacity of a "research person" at a conference on "Promotion of Justice Through Education" held in Rome under the auspices of *Educ-International*. *Educ-International* is an association of members of religious congregations who are either advisers on educational matters to the heads of their respective bodies or are responsible for the direction of international offices of education of the same. Its president is an American Jesuit, John Blewett, S.J., one-time vice-president of Sophia university in Tokyo and presently educational adviser to Pedro Arrupe, S.J., the Jesuit superior. Its counselors are Brother Aloysius Carmody, F.S.C., Sister Alma Cornely, S.H.C.J., Brother Quentin Duffy, F.M.S., Sister Bridget Mary Fitzgerald, R.S.H.M. Its secretary is Brother Pietro Monti, S.M.

The aim of the *Educ-International* conference was to influence the thinking of those who determine the educational policy of the congregations responsible for most of the educational enterprises conducted under Catholic auspices. There were more than 200 participants, representing 75 different religious congregations, including 20 general superiors, a considerable number of assistant general superiors, as well as top echelon advisers to general superiors. The twelve-member working group to which I was assigned, for example, included the general superior of the 16,000-member congregation of the Brothers of the Christian Schools and the assistant general superior of the Xaverian Brothers. All the others were members of the top advisory council of their respective congregations of men or women.

For me the meeting evoked memories of the past. It was the spring of 1943. I was holed up in an isolated cottage in the Michigan woods when a summons came from my provincial superior ordering me west to direct the annual eight-day retreat of the Jesuit theological students at Alma College in California. I was reluctant to obey, having just settled into writing my doctoral thesis. My special pleadings disallowed, I boarded the westbound train with little enthusiasm. Once launched upon the enterprise at Alma, however, my spirits were revived by the positive reaction of the retreatants. As in the theater or on the public platform one can sense the audience reaction, so in retreat direction one does not need a special gift of discernment to read the signs of somnolence, indifference, interest, or eager attentiveness. With a few exceptions, made notable by scowling faces and wagging heads, the response of the retreatants carried me forward from day to day on a rising tide.

The retreat ended on the feast day of St. Ignatius of Loyola. When I entered the dining hall for breakfast the theologians, who had preceded me, broke into applause which followed me as I crossed the room and took my place at table.

I left the house, no doubt quite satisfied with myself, feeling that I would like to give the same retreat in every Jesuit house of studies in the country. In this state of euphoria I floated back to the Middle West where I was soon brought brutally back to reality. The assistant general superior, in command of all American Jesuits, zeroed in on me with a highly charged letter which brought me back to earth with a shattering crash.

Father Zacheus Maher was the first Jesuit I had met when in 1918, a lad of 13, I appeared at Loyola High School in Los Angeles to register for classes. He was principal of the school, on the first rung of a distinguished career which would later see him president of the University of Santa Clara, president of Loyola University in Los Angeles, head of the California province of the Jesuits, and finally assistant for American affairs to the general superior of the Society of Jesus in Rome. During all of these years we had remained good friends. I admired his dedication. He looked upon me as a young man of promise.

With the outbreak of war Father Ledochowski, the general superior, anticipating communication difficulties, dispatched Father Maher to the United States for the duration, delegating to him broad powers to deal with problems of the American Jesuits. A man often in error but never in doubt, Father Maher was a formidable adversary and a redoubtable man from whom to receive a letter which alternated between cold anger and restrained fury.

He began by saying that, in view of the high hopes he had placed in me, he had found it difficult to believe what he had been told about the retreat I had conducted at Alma; but having full faith in the integrity of his informant he had no alternative. From the remarks which followed this introduction I had the impression of an Alma community in a state of ebulition and turmoil,

FATHER GEORGE H. DUNNE, S.J., *was a founder of Sodepax, an agency sponsored jointly by the Vatican and the World Council of Churches.*

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"Even the best of the scholastics [theological students] were thrown off balance at least temporarily," he said, leaving me to imagine what devastation I had wrought upon those who were less than the best. Even the fact that the theologians had liked the retreat seemed somehow a scandal. Of the applause which had greeted my entry into the dining room, and which had been duly reported to him, he solemnly observed: "This may seem to you a small matter, but it is a straw which shows which way the wind is blowing. Such worldly [sic] demonstrations have no place in one of our houses!"

I was quite astonished and wrote immediately to the spiritual director at Alma College to inquire if, after my departure, evidence had appeared that the retreat was producing disquieting effects. In reply he assured me that quite the contrary was the case and that he was so impressed by its beneficial effects that he had undertaken to revise his own retreat notes with a view to introducing more of the "social content" of the Gospels.

Reassured, I replied to Father Maher, refuting his charges. This I learned was a mistake. In an icily cold rejoinder, his last word on the subject, he observed that, had I humbly acknowledged my fault and given assurance that it would not be repeated, he would have held out some hope for me. As it was, he was writing me off as beyond hope, although he would nevertheless "in my charity [sic] pray for you." It was the end of a 25-year-old friendship. Father Maher, who as I have indicated was not given to second thoughts about his judgments, never forgave me. Among the least consequential effects upon my own career is the fact that the Alma retreat of 1943 was the last retreat I was to give.

The Crime

What was the crime I had committed? As Father Maher described it, I had "ignored the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius and substituted instead a series of brilliant [sic] talks on social subjects."

That I had ignored the Spiritual Exercises was quite untrue. Upon leaving for California I had borrowed from Paul Reinert, S.J., the schedule of Exercises followed in a retreat which he had made as a theological student at St. Mary's, Kansas. Father Reinert, who has been president of St. Louis University for more than 20 years, was at that time, like myself, working towards a doctorate degree at the University of Chicago. We had shared living quarters in the rectory of Holy Cross parish near the University campus prior to my move to the solitude of the Michigan woods. At Alma I had followed without deviation this entirely orthodox order of the Spiritual Exercises. What I had done, and this was the crime, was to introduce into the reflections inspired by these themes considerations bearing upon what Father Maher disdainfully dismissed as "social subjects."

It was impossible for me then—as it is now— to reflect upon Christ's predilection for the poor, his warning to the rich, his parable of the Good Samaritan, his commandments of love, his Sermon on the Mount, his at once terrifying and inspiring parable of judgment narrated in the 25th chapter of Matthew's Gospel, and much else besides, without seeing their bearing upon a host of "social subjects," such as the sin of segregation, anti-Semitism, the migrant farm workers, the sec-

ond-class citizenship of Latin Americans, rats in the tenements, racial ghettos, the *favelas* in Rio, the slums in Calcutta, the gap between rich and poor, property claims and human claims, war, violence, etc. This also raises questions about the economic and social structures of our society and our tendency to regard them as God-given, binding the church to the support of the status quo and of the privileged and powerful.

Here was the fundamental difference between us. To me all of these concerns arose directly out of the Gospel and, since with few exceptions the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius are reflections upon the Gospel, were related to those Exercises. To Father Maher they had nothing to do with the Gospel nor with the Exercises.

It should not be supposed that Father Maher was either alone or exceptional in his attitude. Quite the contrary; most of his contemporaries would have shared his sense of scandal that "social subjects" were discussed in the context of the Exercises. They would even have argued that they had no place either in theology or in Christian education.

When Monsignor Reynold Hillenbrand, rector of Mundelein seminary in Chicago, wished to introduce them into the curriculum he was blocked by the Jesuit faculty, who took the position that questions of social justice had no place in theological studies. When Father Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., a former editor of *America,* wished to teach a course in the social encyclicals at Georgetown University, the dean of studies could not find a place for it in the curriculum.

If in the cases cited here Jesuits seem to wear the black hats they were not alone. Black hats were the ecclesiastical style in those years. But styles change and, as the *Educ-International* conference attested, the modes

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and moods of 1972 are not those of 1943.

To the men and women at the Rome meeting it was evident that questions of social justice—the "social subjects"—are matters of central concern to the theologian, the spiritual director, the educator and to the People of God generally. There was no debate about this. There were differences of opinion, some quite sharply expressed, as when Angel Castaneda, F.M.S., a member of the Roman Curial commission on Christian education, predictably challenged the conclusions reached by the Mexican Jesuit Pablo Latapí in his sharp analysis of the dependence of education upon the political and economic structures of society. But no one challenged the assumption that justice, that is to say the social subject, was a proper concern of Christian educators, or questioned whether social doctrine belonged in Catholic schools.

The question from the outset was not *whether*, but *how*. How, in the words of the official report of the Beirut Conference on World Cooperation for Development held under the auspices of *Sodepax* in 1968: "the need for world community, development and justice can be brought to the center of modern education." This was the focal point of *Educ-International* concern.

The conference by no means equated education with formal learning in school classrooms, although it included that. One of the most interesting papers, presented in French by a little lady from Vietnam who was also a nun, a woman of extraordinary intelligence, acuity, vivacity and charm, Marie Thành, C.S.A., dealt with "The Educational Function of Television: Reflections on an Experience in Vietnam." Incidentally, the only external sign that she was a nun was the cross suspended from a chain around her neck. Otherwise she was dressed in the Vietnamese fashion.

Modern dress in fact characterized the overwhelming majority of the women religious participating in the conference. Some, such as the Canonesses of St. Augustine one of whom is Marie Thành, wear no prescribed garb. Others wore a dress evidently of distinctive design, but modern, attractive, tasteful. Impressed by the lively, intelligent and easy manner in which the women, who outnumbered men two to one, took part in the discussions, I wondered if it were in part due to the fact that, freed from the inhibitions imposed by the outlandish costumes affected by all nuns until recently, they no longer felt like creatures from another world. One of the leading members of the conference, a nun holding a top position in her own religious order, assured me that this was the case. The beneficial psychological effects of liberation from sartorial absurdity are releasing potentialities hitherto buried beneath enveloping folds. I could not but reflect with irony upon the destruction as a religious congregation of the Immaculate Heart nuns in Los Angeles and the painful wounds inflicted by the willful stubbornness of an old man, now happily retired as Archbishop of the diocese, chiefly over this issue.

Aggiornamento

An aspect of a panel on "Education of the Adult Conscience to Justice" which was of particular interest to me in the light of my Alma experience was that one of its members was Luis González, S.J., who, as I learned from his introduction by the chairman, is attached to the Jesuit headquarters in Rome charged with what might be called the *aggiornamento* of the Spiritual Exercises. In reply to a challenging question put to him by a fellow panelist, William Ryan, S.J., director of the Center for Concern in Washington, D.C., he defended the Spiritual Exercises as an effective instrument for quickening the social conscience and argued that if they had not served that purpose in the past the fault lay not with them, but with retreat directors who did not understand their potentialities.

The work group to which I was assigned, under the competent chairladyship of Sister Bridget Mary Fitzgerald, made recommendations touching every level of education, beginning with the child in kindergarten. All agreed upon the importance of "beginning with the very young children who, in their turn, may influence their parents' way of thinking." No one was disposed

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to deny that the greatest hope lay with the young. On the other hand, some were pessimistic about the possibility of effecting a change in the thinking of adults. This pessimism was not, however, shared by the group as a whole which recommended "workshops for the old and middle-aged to help them to see things as they are today, and to see what younger people are aspiring to."

Speaking to a group of college students in Wisconsin several years ago on social justice I was asked: "Why don't we ever hear these things from our parish pulpits?" The reason is, of course, that the priests occupying those pulpits never heard them in their seminary days either from the professor's podium, the spiritual father's armchair, or the retreat director's desk. If the seeds planted by *Educ-International* take root, things may be different in the future: "Ecclesiastical student and pastor training and retraining," said my work group, "must be permeated with the idea of social justice."

"No instant solutions to problems were found," the group admitted. But failure to find immediate answers is of less importance than the unquestioned acceptance by the conference of the claims upon the Christian conscience of what has come to be called the horizontal dimension of Christianity. That marks a radical departure from the dominant thinking of twenty-five years ago.

How account for this change? There have of course been the Conciliar documents, especially *Gaudium et Spes,* and the papal encyclicals of John and Paul and the latter's letter to Cardinal Roy. But official pronouncements of the magisterium are not wont quickly to effect profound changes in long-held habits of thought. Unless those habits of thought are already widely questioned. Perhaps the applause which greeted my dining-room entrance in 1943 suggests that such was the case. It suggests that even then the younger generation of seminarians was in incipient revolt against an inhibiting and sterile view of the Gospels which made the Christian faith irrelevant to the problems of man in society. The seeds of today's contestations were germinating earlier than has been supposed.

Another possible factor is the Holy Spirit which does from time to time manage to slip by the vigilant eyes of the Establishment guards and, as at Vatican II, throw open a few windows. I found support for the view that the winds of change which are blowing are in fact the breath of the Holy Spirit in Dublin where I went directly from Rome to address the Irish Missionary Union which was holding a two-day seminar on the same subject, "Education for Justice."

There are 52 religious congregations of men and women in the Irish Missionary Union, an astonishing number in a country of less than four million people. There were 49 participants in the seminar, including two general superiors, representatives of provincials, rectors of seminaries, editors of missionary magazines, coordinators of promotion work, directors of personnel formation, and others in key positions.

I had been warned to expect resistance to the idea that development was a proper concern of the Christian missionary. I had written my first paper with that in mind. It turned out that, however new the concept may have been, it was readily accepted. The six working groups wasted no time debating *whether* the horizontal dimension of Christianity was a missionary concern, but with a pragmatism which is supposed to be Anglo-Saxon but which is evidently Celtic as well, immediately addressed themselves to the question of *how* to make it a concern first of their own congregations, seeing here a necessary priority, then of their friends and supporters, of their students, and finally of their missionaries in the field. The two-day seminar ended with the naming of a continuing committee to carry forward the many recommendations formulated by the working groups.

There is a long road still to travel before the Christian church as a whole becomes sensitized to its responsibilities in the struggle to liberate man from oppressive structures which hold him in bondage. The men and women who met in Rome and in Dublin, nearly all of them decision-makers and policy-shapers, are a sign of hope that this march, finally under way, will not be easily abandoned or turned aside.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

THE SCREEN

Luis Bunuel would have loved what happened to me as I left his latest film, *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie.* I saw the film at the New York offices of Twentieth Century Fox, and on my way out through the lobby—a period set decorated in Grauman's Cryptic —I was among the first ten or fifteen people to reach the street doors. But the fellow in the lead gave the handle a desultory rattle and seemed to find the big glass doors locked. Each of us, carried on by his own momentum, then went up to the doors, glanced out furtively at Fifty-Sixth street, and turned away trying to act unconcerned—as if he had decided to remain in the lobby from curiosity about its decor rather than an inability to escape.

One reason Bunuel would have enjoyed my predicament is that it might have been a moment from another of his own films, *The Exterminating Angel,* where people are for months trapped at a dinner party merely by their own reluctance to leave. What made my repetition of his scenario uncanny, though, is the way that

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his films all suggest some complete breakdown of the distinction between dreams and reality. Because I was reminded of *The Exterminating Angel,* my sense of *déjà vu* in Fox's lobby left me wondering as well about my relationship to the characters in the film I had just seen.

At one point all of them also go to a dinner party where, just as they sit down to eat, a curtain behind them parts and reveals that they are on a theater stage. When the audience applauds, the guests lose their poise. "I've forgotten my lines," stammers one man as he breaks out in a sweat. The explanation ultimately appears to be that the incident is a dream had by one of the disconcerted diners. Scanning Fox's lobby for an alternate exit, I was beginning to suspect that I might merely be a dream in the mind of Luis Bunuel. Would not the walls soon roll back to reveal the sound stage on which *my* drama was being enacted?

Even aside from being the crossroads at which I was absorbed into Bunuel's subconscious, *The Discreet Charm* and *The Exterminating Angel,* though made ten years apart, have a good deal in common. In the former, for instance, at that dinner party staged in a theater, a butler serves a capon to the dinner guests. But just as he reaches the table, he trips and drops the bird on the floor. In this little slapstick gesture, designed to destroy the dignity of the party, Bunuel is stealing his own material. Exactly the same skit also occurs in *The Exterminating Angel.*

It's not only in a few details, however, that the new film parallels the earlier one. The whole premise of the plot is here similar to that in *The Exterminating Angel. The Discreet Charm* begins with the arrival of a Latin American ambassador (Fernando Rey) at a dinner party given by a colleague named Senechal and his wife (Jean-Pierre Cassel and Stephane Audran). But instead of being trapped at the party forever, like the characters in *The Exterminating Angel,* the ambassador is unable to dine at all. There has been some mistake: the ambassador and his companions were not invited for this night and their hosts are unprepared.

With characteristic political irony, Bunuel then makes the ambassador and his elegant friends go hungry for the rest of the film. The film becomes a series of misbegotten meals. Having arrived on the wrong night for the original dinner, the ambassador and his entourage adjourn to an inn to eat; but the owner has just died, and the ambassador's party leaves in distaste when it finds the body laid out near the dining room. When everyone returns to the Senechals' for luncheon on a subsequent day, the hosts are making love as their guests arrive. Uneasy about the Senechals' apparent absence, the ambassador suspects a police trap, so he again leaves without anyone's having eaten. (Poor Fernando Rey is once more type-cast as a French Connection.)

And so it goes. When the ladies (Ms. Audran, Bulle Ogier and Delphine Seyrig) stop at a Paris restaurant for tea, the restaurant is out of cakes, biscuits, bread and, indeed, tea itself. Besides the fiasco at the theater, there are also several more dinner parties at the Senechal home. At one a platoon of soldiers on maneuvers shows up, so the Senechals try to stretch a dinner for seven to feed twenty. But just as everyone sits down, a message from headquarters calls away the soupless soldiers. At another Senechal party, the police finally do arrive—ahead of the *hors d'oeuvres*—to arrest the men for heroin smuggling. In the end a last supper is interrupted by a terrorist group from the ambassador's home country. While the ambassador hides under the table, the terrorists machine-gun everyone else. They overlook the ambassador himself until he betrays his hiding place by reaching up to the top of the table to retrieve some lamb from his abandoned plate. That hunger should be his downfall is appropriate and, after all the meals he has missed, understandable.

These last couple of dinner parties happen, like the one at the theater, only in someone's dreams, and this is where *The Discreet Charm* departs from *The Exterminating Angel.* The characters may hallucinate a bit in *The Exterminating Angel,* but the dominant dream is the plot itself, a surrealistic dream that is wholly Bunuel's own. In *The Discreet Charm* the plot is, by comparison anyway, merely realistic: the dreams belong to the characters. Bunuel may delight in tricking us with the dream sequences—in not identifying the dream as dream until the dreamer awakes—but he is no longer trying to loosen completely our grip on reality. This is not to say that Bunuel has become mellow just because he is older. On the contrary, since passing sixty-five he has become even more bilious and energetic as a filmmaker than he was before. If his films are sometimes less fantastical now than they once were, it is only because he has come to feel that reality is outrageous enough all by itself.

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JOHN ROBERT QUINN

OLD MAN AND BARROW

Often I see him thus,
Head lowered, anonymous,
Wheeling his world along,
His weathered shadow as strong
As he is, as resolute.
Reticence seems to suit
Him utterly. He moves
As though his going proves
Plainly, beyond a doubt,
What life is all about.

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Educational Commune

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Learning To Be

JOHN MANN

The Free Press, $7.95

JOHN DRUSKA

A friend, deeply involved in a fight for union election at a major Catholic university, where he both took his degree and now works for the physical plant, writes me of a $10,000/year job offer he's received and the dilemma it's shaped inside himself: "I love (the union). They are very good people. I love the people I work with. It will be hard for us to rationalize leaving them, though I may."

The same sort of connection and love informs Raymond and Charlotte Koch's book, *Educational Commune*, their story of Commonwealth College, a school that existed for the sake of "workers' education" from 1923 to 1940. The Kochs attended Commonwealth, met and married there, and worked at the place until their departure for other labor fields in 1937.

Developed at last in Mena, Arkansas, after a brief association with a socialist community that had migrated from Los Angeles, Commonwealth grew into a widely known training ground for students of the workers' international and national plight. Its philosophy of education was "based upon a sense of social responsibility and a refusal to unthinkingly accept things as they are—two things diametrically opposed to the status-quo-careerist concepts underlying conventional education." It aimed to turn out students for whom "the acceptance of social revision (was) axiomatic." This, the Kochs agree in quoting one of their confrères, was Commonwealth's only dogma. Thus it would and did educate students into "widely differing views regarding the exact specifications of such revision. . . . But it will turn out no strikebreakers." There were a few misfits. Orval Faubus, for example, left early and later tried to deemphasize his his association with the school. On the other hand, Albert Einstein, though not a student himself, paid tuition for a young friend to attend.

Through the book it's easy to sense the Kochs' attachment and devotion to Commonwealth, as well as their belief that there are valuable lessons from their past for those labor-reformers still around or yet to come. Their fascination with the school as they experienced it becomes, in the case of anyone born later, a fascination to touch the kind of chapter out of our past that's always been kept only in the hearts of a few faithful and seldom been allowed to live on its own merits in the history books of our schools. But the Kochs' inability to fully communicate their private history is why *Educational Commune* is finally disappointing.

It reads as a family album we're allowed to see; and we do get some sense of who was there and what they were doing. But the book, like some of the snapshots included in it, isn't quite in focus, isn't quite lighted or centered right. It leaves us too many questions like the black masks of anonymity superimposed on many of those pictured (Commonwealth is still on the Attorney General's subversive list).

The Kochs shuffle us through a chronological history of the place without, in a lot of cases, depicting the characters clearly enough, or letting them stay long enough for us to *place* them and to connect their roles in the story. Many of the incidents seem related merely by time and setting, rather than by our realizing their connection to the dynamics of Commonwealth's growth; we're left with anecdotes, instead of the story of the college the Kochs promise us. But they do show us enough, as in the whiplashed backs of the Commoners caught aiding Kentucky miners, to make us wish we

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could see and feel much more of what the Kochs feel in recreating from the bits and pieces they present a whole sense of their past at Commonwealth. How else can we judge their cause or sympathies as much as they'd like us to?

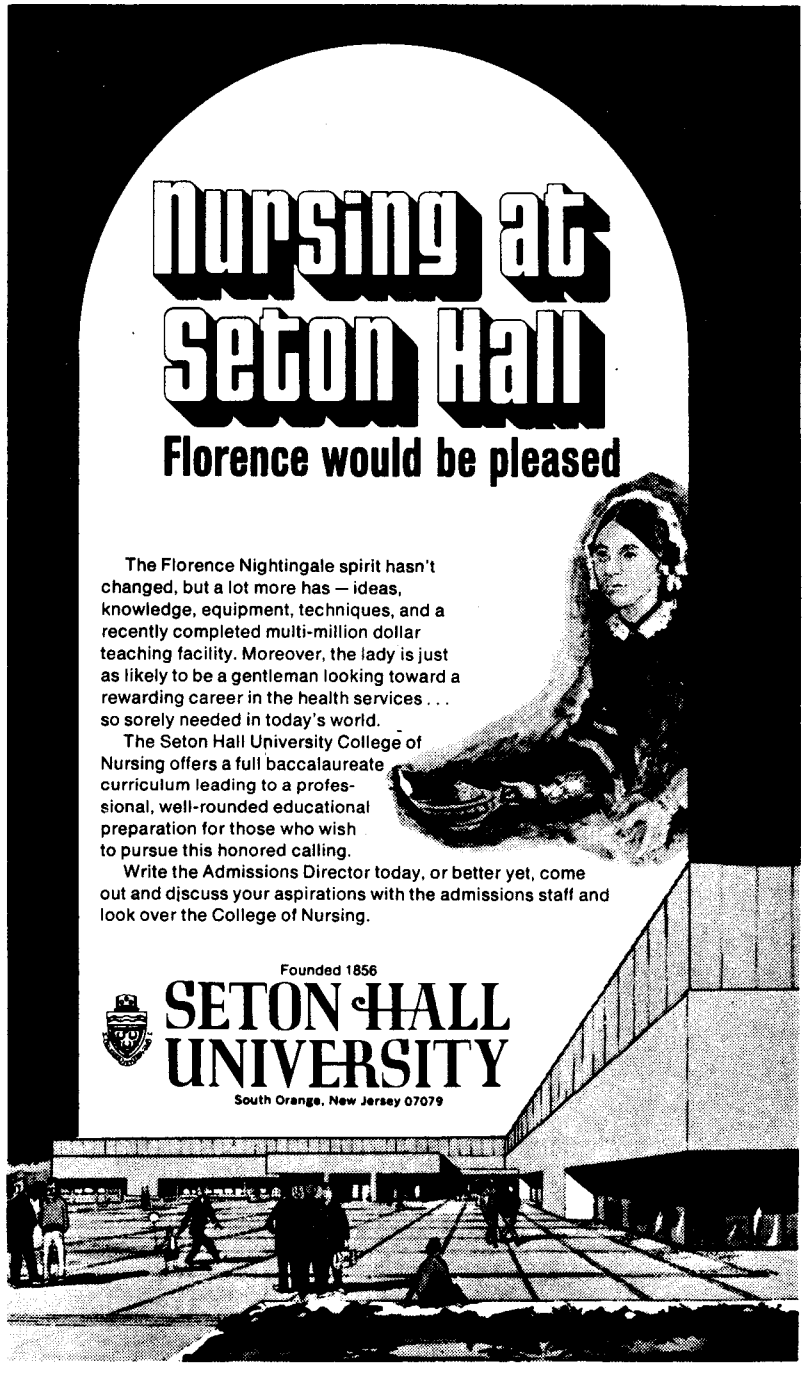
While Commonwealth tried pragmatically to integrate education with the solving of social problems, John Mann theorizes in *Learning To Be* about a society bred from schools that integrate personalities with themselves and each other. solving problems at their human roots, perhaps in the long run obviating the need for radical social change by creating an honest society.

Mann proposes a theory of education based on identifying behavioral strategies and using them in group actions to teach people who they are. Drawing on a range of behavior-change methods from Autogenic Training to Zen, Mann describes an "internal curriculum" for personal growth, to which the learning of traditional disciplines becomes incidental. He sees this as a necessary reversal of the school-as-computer model, in which the development of the person is, if anything, an accidental growth of the intellectual program. In studying the internal curriculum a student learns first the gamut of his human functions (e.g., empathy, mediation, role behavior), then discovers how to apply these consciously to problematic situations.

Mann's catalogue of the functions, which take up the first half of the book, grows monotonous though, because all through it we're groping to conceive of the larger framework for his illustrations and the cursory examples he gives as their applications. He may be trying to cause us to internalize the curriculum ourselves, but, alas, traditionally-schooled as we are, we crave some sure hand pointing out where we are and where we are going.

When we get there, in the scenario-vision of part three, we find a marvelous playing-out of Mann's curriculum. It's the most convincing part of the book; but as in the case of all Utopias, from Tom More's to Dick Nixon's, it cuts with an all-too-earnest edge. Will our twelve-year-olds have to discuss Freudian notions as cleverly as one does here? Will all our children have to give each other coy allusive nicknames, have to analyze their and our actions with oh such incredible ingenuity, have to untie and thrash out the knots of their relationships before retiring each night?

For all Mann's repeated desire to free creativity from the idea of *producing* art and to let it inform life, how programmed this creative Utopia seems. And it is indeed, as one of Mann's personae says, for the children of "unusual parents," it's the kind of dream you have to *afford* to have, not in terms of economics so much as in terms of social sophistication. We want to believe Mann because our schools need real human input so desperately. But his theory touches down so lightly, so generally, on the real complexities of our schools and professions (power, money, poverty, sex, or the eleven-year-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old I knew who couldn't say *radish* but had done everything except heroin), while it tries so hard to solve them by preaching the complexities of something we should be doing so simply, touching each other's humanity. It reads at times like *Clockwork Orange* with a psycho-socio-humanistic vengeance.

We know that Mann is in part and justly trying to redress the balance that a blind and computerized attention to disciplinary education has weighted so heavily to its side. But can we first *learn* humanity the way Mann outlines his curriculum? Or do we risk turning from real characters of our lives into actors stripped of the mystery of character? Should we demand that being human include mystery, irresolution, the indirections that allow us to find our direction out? Or else, who chooses the director?

Perhaps Mann would agree that it's not the disciplines destroying us but the teachers who make us too afraid to find the mystery of ourselves in the objectivity of the disciplines. It's not curricula we need to catalogue our humanity, as much as teachers who are human and who lead us or let us lead ourselves to the human loci of the past and present in whatever forms suit their and our whims.

If so, we would expect of our teachers the awareness of human functions that Mann outlines. But can this be *learned*, except intuitively, indirectly, imperfectly, as one grows into a teacher, without embalming human action? Can children learn to be human in Mann's way without turning human actions into lyric pretenses?

It's probably a matter of emphasis. This is the kind of book we might praise for its brave vision, and we can't be sure Mann isn't exaggerating the vision to try to give us models, as teachers and students all, to humanize ourselves. But the connections of his theory to practices as we know them aren't thorough or convincing enough. We can see his ideas too easily being adapted, co-opted and translated into a progressive school's "philosophy" or "ethics" class, and probably being taken as seriously as "Catholic" students take most religion courses.

We just don't trust Mann's vision as deeply and instinctively as we trust Kozol teaching his kids to actually read and write, or Carroll taking us to a mad tea party, or the whole perverse mystery of childhood allowed to live and grow in some of us in spite of our schools, and killed in some of us by an earnest desire to adjust to someone else's terms, or a terrible imposition of those terms as from on high.

We're All In This Together

MARY PERKINS RYAN

Holt, Rinehart, $6.95

NEIL G. McCLUSKEY

One of the obstacles to reviewing books by Mary Perkins Ryan is getting past her titles. *We're All in This Together* at first sounds like the title of a Woody Allen movie or an astronaut's secret journal and tells us as little about this book as did the title of her 1964 work *Are Parochial Schools the Answer?* Let me hasten to avow that this is a minor psychological block and should take nothing away from the many excellent insights and reflections in the book itself.

We're All in This Together is difficult to categorize. It's a little book. The publishers tell us that it "represents Mrs. Ryan's rethinking of the meaning, purpose and future of Catholic education," or, as she herself calls it, "a mapping out of my searching and learning so far." Mrs. Ryan's map makes sense but the publisher's claim to giving us an atlas of the Catholic educational cosmos is hucksterism and not particularly helpful in discovering what the 166-page book is all about.

Let's say it is a series of essays—easy and thoughtful to read—whose author can be guessed as the mother of five sons and wife of a distinguished educator, experienced journalist and executive editor of a liturgical magazine called *The Living Light*. (I suspect that if the file copies of *The Living Light* over the past five or so years

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were ever to be lost, the important nuggets from those pages will gratefully have been preserved in *We're All in This Together.*)

Mrs. Ryan lays a solid foundation for her discussion of issues and options in Catholic education. She asks, "Why Get Up in the Morning?"—her version of the "what-are-people-really-for" question. She then gives three answers which express the dominant faith-views among contemporary Catholics—preconciliar, conciliar, and developing, These pages would be enlightened reading for all extremists wherever they may be on the spectrum of understanding of where the church is. Typical of the fairness of her approach is her caution to enthusiasts of the developing faith-view, clearly her own:

> If the school or program is no longer trying to produce the preconciliar kind of Catholic which the parents expect it to, they should have its aims clearly presented to them and be given adequate opportunities to discover that these are also authentically Catholic Christian ones.

Nor does the author ask proponents to compromise their own viewpoints. It means, she writes, "that they should neither conceal it among generalities about 'modern methods' nor to impose it, but explain it and try to bear witness by living in accordance with it."

I most appreciated the early chapters of this book. Of particular interest is her explanation of the developing view of Christianity and the religious education which it implies, an education which neither encourages Christians to be unthinkingly immersed in the world (salving their consciences with some routine concessions to corporate religious membership) nor removed from contact with the "world" by promotion of some hothouse variety of artificial Christian culture.

Religious education in her sense is of course much broader than parochial schooling. Mrs. Ryan wants religious education to provide all people with opportunities to grow as human persons. Such education would allow individuals "to locate their own tradition in the context of the whole human search for meaning and wholeness." I like this. As members of the pilgrim human race, members of the pilgrim church are also obligated to search for meaning and wholeness.

Here, in my opinion, is the deepest and richest meaning of humanism, the response of the race to rise to its destiny through the mysterious mediation of its greatest member, Jesus Ben-Joseph. In the quest for meaning and wholeness, the human person opens himself to divine life, and incarnation

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takes place. God's spirit summons man to rise above brute life to become more human and thereby more divine. And again Jesus is the member of our race who preeminently realized the potentialities of divine life. Maybe all this could have helped us better realize that humanism is actually Christian humanism, that there need be no conflict between the two. Perhaps Woodstock's Professor William Dyck has most happily phrased it, "Christian virtue and human maturity are not two things!"

Her roundup of examples and new approaches to Catholic education/schooling in the final chapters is good but not really important. The actual situation is so kaleidoscopic that it defies analysis. Things are happening —good and less good. Anyway, we owe Mary Perkins Ryan our gratitude because she has made us a little bit more aware that *We're All in This Together.* (Mary, even though you didn't intend your book for people like me, I'm glad you wrote it.)

The Faith of the People of God

JOHN MACQUARRIE

Scribner's $6.95

PHILIP SCHARPER

The subtitle of this book, *A Lay Theology,* is an accurate summary of both its scope and intention. For Macquarrie, "lay theology is not a simplified or watered-down version of academic theology, but a distinct theological genre, with a character and dignity of its own."

Many theologians have prefaced books with the same observation, but few have then lived up to the rigorous demands of attempting a lay theology, which, in Macquarrie's terms, not only refuses to be a simplified variant of academic theology, but is indeed a corrective to it, "broadening its base and bringing into being a theology that is more representative of the whole Christian community."

It is, in fact, this "whole Christian community," the people of God, which provides Macquarrie with his unusual and highly illuminating primary *datum* of theological reflection: not God, or Christ, but the continuing existence of a community claiming to be the people of God and Christ.

If one agrees with Macquarrie on this starting point and jogs along with him (wheezing a bit as he brisks around such curves as the Reformation and the sacramental life of the church), one senses that he is seeing old landmarks in a new and brighter light, and that the tangled paths one has trudged over so often are really ribbons beneath one's feet.

There is no serious point of high theological tension which Macquarrie does not discuss: Christology, ministry and mission, intercessory prayer, eschatology. He situates each firmly and fairly in the context of current academic argument, and gives the response, not of Maquarrie the formal theologian, but of Macquarrie the trained listener who then voices the "faith of the people of God."

This voicing is done with such directness of thought and deceptive simplicity of style that one could scarcely recognize in this book the author of definitive studies of Bultmann and Heidegger as well as one of the better topographers of twentieth century religious experience.

It might well be, indeed, that most of Macquarrie's formal and formidable theology was but a necessary prelude to the writing of this short but sinewy "lay theology," even as St. Augustine and Cardinal Newman did much of theologizing from pulpits facing the raggle-taggle assembly of humanity which thought of itself as the people of God in a particular time and place.

As one of that contemporary faceless but faithful assembly, I am grateful to

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REVIEWERS

JOHN DRUSKA is on a poetry fellowship at the University of Cincinnati.

FATHER NEIL G. MCCLUSKEY, S.J., is Dean of Education at Herbert H. Lehman College of the City University of New York.

PHILIP SCHARPER is Editor of Maryknoll Publications' Orbis Books.

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John Macquarrie, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Oxford, even as I harbor the open and charitable suspicion that there is no living theologian of his stature who will not both envy and admire what Macquarrie has accomplished in writing this book for us. It will, hopefully, also be read by bishops and priests, whose pastoral responsibilities are perhaps better served by an exposure to lay theology than by their formal theological training.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 363)

and therefore can afford the luxury of WASP politics. Jeremiah's advice to "seek the welfare of the city" is forgotten in the indecent haste to be considered establishment. This is a pity. Apart from any spiritual and moral considerations relating to Jewish history and experience—which are legion—sheer expediency would dictate that the Jew cooperate with his natural allies among the other oppressed groups for a general amelioration of a profoundly oppressive situation for the powerless. "We (ethnic minorities) must indeed all hang together, or, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately."

(RABBI) ALAN W. MILLER

Michael Novak (Cont.)

version developed by professionalized America. The pageantry of Greece, Rome, and medieval Europe is continued. The heroic model has a specifically male cast. The qualities promoted—physical grace and strength, courage, will, wit, sustained response to crisis and imminent disaster and defeat, cunning, surprise, endurance—are promoted by and for the active participation of young males. The rest of the community joins in the color, pomp and festival.

Until women's liberation has some ritual equivalent of football, or until football is banned, talk about equality between men and women will have a hollow ring. For it is good to be a "sensitive, caring human individual," able to cry and able to be tender. It is better both to be able to be those things *and also to* meet the tests of the public disciplines of sports like football. Both boys and girls need both. I wish I knew of a set of such disciplines to set before my daughters, beginning now. Perhaps at expensive boarding schools, physical and public challenges for girls are provided. At local schools, girls do not share the heroics.

Ritually, our society favors males. Unless one thinks that favoring heroics is foolish. Heroics are, nonetheless, irrepressible. They are part of the dynamism of transcendence. Perhaps it is good that the whole race doesn't share in them. Perhaps there is deep wisdom in the ritual differentiation of the sexes. There are other dynamisms of transcendence.

Still, I wish Tanya had something to identify with publicly, as Richard and every boy in the neighborhood does. Her bitter tears at the inequality could have melted a stone (or an ethnic).

I should add that Nicky, Charley's older sister, made Tanya feel better when in all the wisdom of her nine years she *saw*—and took Tanya for a walk "all the way down Washington Street."

The girls walked quietly, the air was urgent with the shouts of boys.

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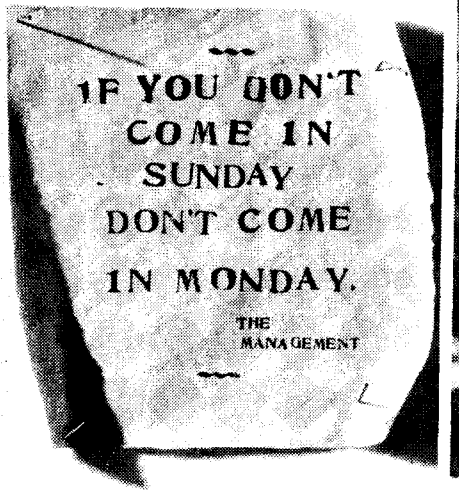

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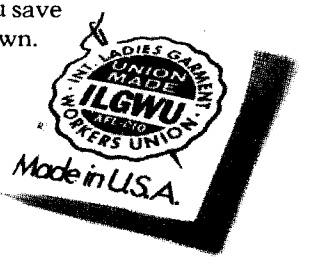

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